THE PACIFIC

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Pac. Theo. Sem.
Reading Room

THE UPPER AND THE UNDER SIDE.

"My life is but a weaving
Between my God and me;
I may not choose the colors,
He worketh steadily.
Full oft he weaveth sorrow,
And I in foolish pride
Forget he sees the upper
And I the under side.

"I choose the strands all golden,
And watch for woven stars;
I murmur when the pattern
Is set in blurs and mars.
I cannot yet remember
Whose hands the shuttles guide,
And that my stars are shining
Upon the upper side.

"My life is but a weaving
Between my God and me;
I see the seams, the tangles,
The fair designs sees he.
Then let me wait with patience,
And blindness—satisfied
To make the pattern lovely
Upon the upper side."

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THE PACIFIC

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THE NATIONAL COUNCIL.

The Congregational National Council is in session this week at New Haven, Connecticut. We give in the issue of The Pacific the address of Dean Charles R. Brown of the Yale School of Religion, who retires as Moderator after two years' service. Next week we shall publish the Council sermon which is to be given by President Davis of the Chicago Theological Seminary. We shall give also such report of the Council as we shall be able to get to San Francisco from New Haven in time for that issue.

This session of the Council will be an important one. The report of the commission on the co-ordination of some of the missionary societies will come up for consideration and will of course meet with some opposition. But that which is to be presented has been framed carefully by able men, and we find to be regarded widely as a step in the right direction.

A VISIT WITH DR. GLADDEN.

Wednesday of last week the Editor of The Pacific found Dr. Washington Gladden in his study in his home at Columbus, Ohio, writing on some of the great present-day problems and exerting widely in various ways that influence which has made him known throughout the land. He expressed himself as ready to vote for disarmament in our country whatever the attitude might be of all the other world powers.

Dr. Gladden's judgment is that no nation would ever attack us though we were to sink every battleship that we now have and recast every gun into something more serviceable for mankind. He can find no enemy anywhere and no signs of any.

The call comes to us, he says, to live according to the teachings of Jesus.

The one big business of Christianity today, Dr. Gladden believes, is to bring the world into unity; and to this end he sees that we must have all the churches co-operating, working together systematically and without waste in all with which they have to do. Just now he is greatly interested in an investigation which is being made of religious work in Ohio. It has been ascertained that one-fifth of the townships in the counties in Ohio are without adequate pastoral supervision and religious instruction, and morally the conditions are deplorable.

In one in Delaware county, just north of Franklin, in which Columbus, the State capital, is situate, seven churches without working equipment were found scattered around, while in the center of the circle was a school house well equipped with teachers and all things needful for its work. And Dr. Gladden's conviction was that the churches and Christianity in this country would have to come sooner or later to some such system as that of the public schools.

This study which is being made in Ohio is preparatory to studies which are to be made later in other states, and it is encouraging to hear that the bishops of the Methodist and United Brethren churches, which have long had much to do with religious work in the rural communities, are interested in it, and that the conditions brought to light have led them to a realization of the fact that something new and radical must be done if our civilization is to be saved. The bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church was astounded when he learned of the situation and conditions.

Dr. Gladden may spend some of the winter months in California. Here, as everywhere, he is a welcome visitor. Not long ago the leading daily paper in Columbus contained a picture of him with the words: "Columbus' First Citizen."

The church of which he was pastor for so many years, and in which he is yet actively working as pastor emeritus, is just across the street from the capitol building. Out from it there has long gone and still continues to go a nation-wide influence.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Frank L. Ferguson, formerly business agent for the Rev. Dr. Hillis, was president of Pomona College several years ago. Mr. Ferguson has nominated Dr. Hillis for membership in the Ananias Club.

Lord Selborne, president of the British Board of Agriculture, recently addressed an agricultural conference at Bristol. He dwelt upon the urgent need of more arable land in England. He said that there were 1,300,000 acres less of arable land in England today than in 1895.

Chicago University will celebrate its 25th anniversary next year. It began with four buildings; it has 40 now. On the 30th of June, 1915, the total gifts to the University had amounted to $37,556,243.48. More than 50,000 students have matriculated and more than 7000 degrees have been conferred.

The Anti-Saloon League is turning out tons of literature for the campaign against the saloon in Ohio this year—in its large printing establishment at Westerville, Ohio. Among the able superintendents at these Ohio headquarters is the Rev. Dr. Bane, formerly of California.

A London correspondent writes: "Short of the war itself and the devastation which it has occasioned in Europe, there has been no more remarkable feature of the past twelvemonth than the enormous progrss made by the United States in the direction of being a great—and perhaps for many years to come the greatest—financial power of the world."

Referring to reports about the increase of drunkenness in the East End of London, among the wives of soldiers and sailors, a London reporter writes: "Monday, when allowances are paid, is the worst day. In the postoffice near the Victoria docks yesterday sums of money were being paid out to a crowd of women, larger, it is safe to say, than they ever handled when their husbands were at home. Not all of them, or nearly all of them, by any

means, squander or misuse this money. Wives of civilian workingmen in the district testify that in many cases the homes of the absent soldiers are better furnished and the children better clothed and fed than when the husband and father was at home; but instances in which the money is squandered are deplorably numerous. There is a feeling that the great leniency which is shown by the police, under instructions from Scotland Yard, while kindly meant, is a mistake. The special consideration which is shown them is taken advantage of by many women, with the result that the children suffer."

"The state of the present civilization in regard to the Christian religion is appalling," says the Presbyterian, of Philadelphia. "It has affected the morals of the day. Thoughtful people have awakened, and there is a demand that, after something like the Gary idea, the children shall have sound religious teaching as much as they have teachings in science, or language or mathematics. If this is not accomplished, then all Protestant Christians will be obliged to return to the parochial school, after the manner of the Episcopalians, Catholics, and Lutherans. There can be no escape from this condition. The work of the Sabbath School, limited to about thirty minutes' instruction once a week, is inadequate. It may become necessary, in addition to the Sabbath School, to take up the parochial school. The question is looming up, and will soon demand emphatic attention. But the Church at her peril must give heed to the Christian life and character of her youth, from the time they leave home until their college course is completed. The Church has played with this question long enough. She must do business or fail. The question is before our denomination this year. No more important question has ever been faced by our Church."

An insight into conditions in Palestine is given in the report just made by the Federation of American Zionists. It also tells of relief work, improvement in political conditions and progress of the Zionist work up to July. The report says: "One of the most difficult problems confronting us during the war has been the attitude of the Turkish authorities toward the Jewish citizens of belligerent lands living in Palestine. Among these, some 30,000 Jews, who are Russian subjects, occupy the first place. The Turkish Government offered them exceedingly favorable conditions for Ottomanization. And as a result about 20,000 of them became Turkish subjects, 8,000 left Palestine and went, for the most part, to Egypt, where they are taken care of by a special Jewish committee acting for the Provisional Jewish Relief Committee. The remaining 2,000 Jews who were left in Palestine consist almost entirely of aged people in Jerusalem, who are maintained by the Chalukah. It seems that no difficulty will be put in their way."

The French aristocracy, or what is left of it, was, like all other classes of citizens, mobilized on the outbreak of the war; it has contributed its full measure to the heroic sacrifice of life France has made and is making for the redemption of the country. French aristocrats of the bluest blood—among them the Talleyrands, the Montpensiers, the Montmorencys, the de Noailles, the Rothschilds, the Breteuils, the Beauregards—in short, the flower of the old French noblesse—have paid glorious toll to the battlefield in even larger measure than the aristocracy of England.

The Presbyterian, a Philadelphia publication, attacks the Salvation Army as follows: "The Salvation Army now regards itself as equal to or a substitute for the church. They gather people in from the world, but they never advance them to the privileges and duties of the church, and they never observe the sacraments. The usual appointments of worship observed in God's Word are neglected. Some other movements are in like manner growing in their rejection of the church as a divine institution, and are adopting practices and teachings which are far removed from those taught and enjoined in Scripture. All this has a tendency to spread irresponsible teaching and practice, which sooner or later lead away into error and evil. The church, as the body of God's people, has been most kindly disposed in regard to every effort that even aims to save and uplift men. It would seem now that her leniency and kindness is tending to evil which may result in anything but good. It is time that some notice was taken of these irregularities in the interest of honest, earnest souls."

The Salvation Army works now in 324 prisons in this country. During the last six months 7,000 prisoners have through this work promised to enter on new lives. The Salvation Army will begin soon to build in Detroit a rescue home at a cost of $100,000. Its first general hospital will be built soon at Covington, Kentucky, at a cost of $250,000.

Recent cablegrams announce that the Rev. R. J. Campbell of the City Temple, London, has entered the Established Church. Just before this step was taken the Springfield Republican said: "Rev. R. J. Campbell's retirement from the City Temple, London, was undoubtedly prompted by the condition of his health and practical considerations dependent upon that condition. He will bring his famous pastorate to an end on Sunday and will then go to France to address the troops in the Young Men's Christian Association centers. But when he returns he will, it is expected, join the Church of England as diocesan missioner to the Bishop of Birmingham. The report, then, that his resignation will coincide with his withdrawal from Congregationalism is apaprently correct. That his theological views have changed within ten years is well known, for he has withdrawn from sale his book on the 'New Theology,' which, in its day, caused him to be excluded from the fellowship of the free church council. It is not necessary to suppose that Mr. Campbell's decision to enter the Church of England at this time denotes any further change of belief, for he himself has made it plain that if he could continue to fulfill all the duties of a minister at City Temple he would remain in the position. Possibly, as his strain of mysticism develops, the established church with its esthetic and traditional significances attracts him more than the denominations; possibly he will be able to work in closer intimacy with personal friends; but that non-conformity does not regard him as in any sense an apostate is indicated by the friendliness of the comments upon the expected change in his career. The only criticism, indeed, comes from an extremely orthodox Anglican paper, which refuses to overlook the scandal of the 'New Theology.' As theological thought becomes more liberal there will probably be an increasing disposition to agree that there are different types of Christianity and that each man should first find his level among the existing societies and then change it if his mind undergoes a substantial change. Today there exist as great differences of belief in the established church as in the free churches; perhaps greater. There is a growing feeling that all types belong to the same Christian community, though the cause of toleration still has victories to win."

ADDRESS AT THE NATIONAL COUNCIL, BY THE MODERATOR, REV. CHARLES R. BROWN, D.D.

The thoughts and plans we might naturally cherish in coming to another meeting of our National Council are all overshadowed by one direful fact—the world is at war! The world is at war, but our own land, thanks be to God and to a wise and just President, is at peace.

Here, in the full enjoyment of that blessing and at this ancient seat of learning originally dedicated "to the training of men for the service of God and of civil state," as the language of its original charter runs, we are met to take counsel. We have come to think and to pray. We have come to speak and to hear as those who shall give account. We have come to take stock, reckoning up afresh our spiritual assets and facing with open minds our moral liabilities. We are here to strike a trial balance, if we can, and see how this religion of ours stands in its account with the world.

We are met at a great crisis in the moral history of the race. The spiritual forces of that European civilization to which we owe so much seem for the hour to have broken down. They have shown themselves inadequate to the strain put upon them. We are not so far along as we thought we were. The world is not as good as we had supposed. Great nations have referred to their treaty obligations as mere scraps of paper to be tossed aside for the sake of some immediate advantage. The Prime Minister of an Empire has defended that action in words which are frightful in their immorality. "The wrong we are committing—I speak openly," he said—"we will endeavor to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached. Anybody threatened as we are can have only one thought, How he is to hack his way through."

And from that hour millions of men have been "hacking their way" regardless. Policies have been pursued which show an insolent disregard for international law and for the usages of what is grimly called "civilized warfare." There has come an awful denial of the dictates of our common humanity by the slaughter of non-combatants in captured cities and in unfortified towns as well as by the drowning of women and children by the sinking of unarmed and unresisting merchant vessels on the high seas. All this done under official sanction with the hearty approval of the public press, and with an amazing amount of popular acclaim has witnessed to the decay of a great national soul. While we sit here the Christians of Armenia—men, women, children—are being systematically and ruthlessly murdered by one of Germany's precious allies.

Have we as representatives of one branch of the Holy Catholic Church anything to say to all that? Have we any duties to perform, duties more sharply defined and become more imperative by this moral crisis? Have we any reply to make to that gospel of force which has been resolutely preached with a drawn sword? It is a gospel which has in it these three things: **first,** Make up your mind what you want; **second,** Be sure that you have strength to take it; **third,** Go after it, even though that may mean "hacking your way through" those standards and sanctions hitherto esteemed divine. Have we any sure, clear word of hope and guidance for the heavy-hearted Christians who walk and work in the presence of all this and are sad?

I believe, Mr. Moderator, we have something to say. With all that, we, as responsible citizens of the Kingdom of God, are vitally concerned. I am not here to undertake the impossible task of accurately assessing upon each of the warring nations its own just measure of blame for the state of affairs existing in July,, 1914. The blame does not belong entirely to one country nor to two, nor to three, It would be in order to call for the reading of the "General Confession." We have all erred and strayed from the way. We have all followed too much the devices and desires of our own selfish hearts instead of following the dictates of a higher ethic and of a finer statesmanship. And as a result of all this moral disobedience the precious accumulations of decades and of centuries, accumulations, material and artistic, educational and domestic, human and moral, are being burned up and shot to pieces in a titanic conflict, which threatens the very fabric of our civilization.

The Lord is answering our folly and our wickedness out of the whirlwind. He has broken in upon that ignoble peace which over wide areas meant only an undisturbed opportunity for the strong to exploit the infirmities of the weak and please themselves. He that sitteth in the heavens has laughed at the fancied security of those who, having filled their barns with goods laid up for many years, were giving themselves over to luxury and to spiritual sloth. He who breaks the nations with a rod of iron is showing the costly and deadly futility of suspicion and hatred as a basis of international life.

The Moral Awakening.

It has been a terrible awakening to many. But the whole world knows tonight that life does not mean the feathering of one's nest as rapidly as possible and then giving all the remaining hours to thoughtless amusement. The vast material achievements of the Nineteenth Century showed that the world had learned how to make a living. Here, at the beginning of the twentieth century, these awful events are making plain the fact that it had not learned how to make a life. And in the face of this disaster it is for the churches to mobilize their spiritual forces anew, to direct with more wisdom their line of moral attack and to plan for victories which shall carry the banner of Christ far up the slopes.

New occasions teach new duties. Since those peaceful days at Kansas City, two years ago, in the last National Council, there has come, if not a new heaven, then a new and terrible earth. It has not descended out of Heaven from God. It is not adorned as a bride for her husband—it is dressed in a coat of mail. But the coming of that new order has cleared the air. We are not today the bored witnesses of a listless contest between the commonplace virtues and the bourgeois vices. We are sternly summoned to a struggle where the lamb makes war with the beast. The middle-ground has vanished and it is Heaven against Hell. In the face of that crisis it is for every man and every church and every body of churches to line up and bring upon the field all the energy, wisdom and conscience they have to further those principles and ideals whose right it is to win.

Christian Unity.

The end of the war with all the consequent burdens to be borne should bring a new and more effective line-up of our Christian forces. In the face of that vast need there should come instantly and everywhere the sinking of petty sectarian prejudices and the taking of a big long stride toward Christian unity.

We have as yet made little headway. We have talked about it and about it, and evermore, came in by the same door we went out. We have passed resolutions like the sands of the sea for multitude and for uselessness. The hand of friendliness has been stretched out, but when the time came for action, some historic bit of ritual or of

polity, or of theological theory stood in the way—and the hand was withdrawn. We have not really taken upon our hearts that fundamental duty suggested by Christ when He prayed that we might all be one. Not one in the maintenance of a single form of liturgy, not one in the mechanism of a single form of polity, not one in the rigid identity of theological theory, but one in the unity of the spirit and in the bond of peace and in a growing righteousness of life.

We have made some progress toward the knitting up of our Congregational forces into a closer fellowship. The adoption of the new Constitution at Kansas City, the election of a secretary who should give his main strength to a ministry at large, which would serve as an added bond of unity, and the very acceptable service of that Secretary during these two years, have all aided in bringing us together. The precious autonomy of the local church has not been destroyed. The flag of independence still floats from the stately tower of the Old South Church, Boston, and from the humbler meeting-house of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. But thousands of other churches, less abundantly endowed, have rejoiced in feeling themselves more truly members of the body of Christ.

We need have no fear of the concentration of power in the person of some autocratic Moderator or Secretary—our own sense of humor and his would be enough to save us from any such absurd pretensions. But we have suffered in the past from the feebleness which arises from an unnatural isolation of the necessary parts of a living organism. And the essence of what some of the bolder spirits among us have ventured to call "the new Congregationalism" is all contained in the purpose and the possibility of more effective teamwork.

Missionary Activity.

Let me speak first of all touching our duty in the matter of missionary service. When the war began men of vision were not saying, "Four months, or four years, and then the harvest." They were saying, "The fields are white—send forth reapers." The new mood of the far East, the more open mind of the Moslem world, the cry for spiritual help in that darkest of all the continents, all spoke of an opportunity unparalleled in history. The dramatic experiences of John R. Mott in Russia and in Turkey, in China and Korea; the marvelous response to the evangelistic appeals of Sherwood Eddy throughout the Orient, the great ground-swell of popular interest in higher things in all non-Christian lands; the fact that only fourteen years after the Boxer outbreak the Chinese Government allowed the erection of a tabernacle for Christian preaching in the Forbidden City, and officially welcomed to it world-renowned evangelists—all this caused our hearts to leap. "Surely," we said, "surely the Kingdom of God is coming with power and great glory."

Now lift up your eyes and look! With the irony of fate the strongest Christian nations of earth are taking each other by the throat. Some of them are fiercely chanting the hymn of hate. Is this the song the angels sang that night in the upper air at Bethlehem? "Glory to God in the highest! Peace on earth, good will toward men." Are these favored countries the chosen ambassadors of that Prince of the four names—Wonderful Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace!

We know today what the Jew felt when the heathen cried, "Where, now, is thy God?" From great sections of the non-Christian world there comes the sound of mocking, sardonic laughter. "Physician, heal thyself. Cast the beam out of thine own eye, then thou shalt see clearly to cast the mote out of thy brother's eye." The present situation will call for a skill and power in Apologetic which will make the work of Athanasius and of Calvin seem like child's play. We are not now confronted by an intellectual puzzle or by a clever dialectic. We are facing the apparent moral denial of the very tenets of our faith.

The courage of our missionaries in standing to their posts, not knowing that a day might bring, has been magnificent. Missionary service has received fresh honor and lustre through the fine fidelity of those men and women who have counted not their lives dear if they might finish the ministry they received of the Lord Jesus. The generous self-sacrifice of Christian people in lands already burdened to the breaking point, has been beyond all praise. They have found money to give, and time to pray, and love to send to those who represent their own projected interest in the spiritual welfare of their needy fellows. The proclamation of a Holy War by the Sultan of Turkey fell flat. Moslem soldiers by the ten thousand are fighting side by side with their Christian allies in defense of democracy. All this is sublime and in the light of it there surely lies an added obligation at the door of this nation, the strongest, the richest, the freest, of all the neutral nations. What will the Judge of all the earth say to us if we come not up to the help of the Lord against the mighty in this time of stress?

The Present Duty of America.

We must give money, millions of it, to sustain and further the cause of Christ. We must give our young men and maidens, the choicest we have, that the word of Christian interest may be made flesh on all the needy fields of earth. We must show a statesmanlike grasp of facts, of methods, and of policies having to do with the King's business abroad. We must send Heavenward a steady volume of intercessory prayer to win its own mighty response. All these things we ought to do and not to leave certain other things undone. We must bear ourselves among all nations, toward Japan and China, toward the warring countries across the sea, toward the representatives of all those lands here in our borders, in such a way that this land shall be indeed a Messianic nation in whose life all the nations of the earth shall be blessed.

"If drunk with sight of power we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the law;
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

"The tumult and the shouting dies
The captains and the kings depart.
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Who is sufficient for these things! No one, nor all of

us together, except there come what some one has called "a larger discovery of superhuman resources and a greater irradiation of spiritual power."

"How many loaves have you?" the Master asked His disciples one day when they were facing a hungry multitude. They did not know. They went out to investigate. Presently they came back and reported, "Five, but what are they among so many?" Still they did not know. They were doing their little sums in arithmetic, leaving out of the account the most significant fact in that situation, the presence of Christ. And their dismay in the face of all that need is a picture of the world's dismay, conscious of the disproportion between its own meager resources and the stupendous work to be accomplished. But right here in our own land there is a latent capacity for heroism and for generosity, for moral adventure and for self-sacrifice, which once called into action, will yet write some of the finest chapters ever written in the moral history of the race.

The present outbreak of evil yonder does not represent the essential spirit of our Christian civilization. There is another and a better Europe, an unseen and eternal Europe, beneath and within that Europe now so much in evidence. And "with malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right," it is for us to ally ourselves with that better Europe sure to emerge and show to the non-Christian lands of earth that the soul of this western life of ours is still sound and true.

Those non-Christian lands are asking right out loud whether or not this Christian religion has in it the necessary spiritual dynamic to master and expel the evil spirit now at work among us. And unless we show ourselves able to meet that challenge the Christianization of the world will be set back for centuries. I believe as surely as I stand here that this challenge, bitter and terrible as it seems at this hour, can be met. "Not by military might nor by political power, but by the Spirit of the Lord of Hosts!

The Work of Evangelism.

In the second place the recruiting of members for the army of the Lord here at home is no less imperative. It cannot be done by any form of conscription. The army of the Lord has been from the first a volunteer army. And if glorious and permanent victories over evil are to be won, the work of enlistment must go on without a break. Companies and regiments, battalions and brigades, of knightly, valorous souls intent upon giving the best they have to the highest they see must be swinging into line.

How can this work of enlistment best be achieved? It is a question which lies heavy upon the heart of every pastor who is an honest man. It is a question which compels the attention of every layman who really belongs —we use the phrase so lightly thought it implies so much —who really belongs to the church.

In certain cities we have seen spasms—I use this term advisedly and in its full strength—spasms of evangelistic effort. They have not always commended themselves to our sober judgment, either by their form or their spirit or their results. We might, for the sake of some greater good, overlook the introduction into the pulpit of the slang of the gutter and the antics of the circus. These things are important, but they are secondary. But when it comes to irreverence and blasphemy in an age already flippant; when it comes to coarseness and vulgarity in dealing with human values altogether sacred; when it comes to teaching multitudes of unthinking children and adults conceptions of religion which are unscriptural and moral ideas which are untrue; when it comes to having religious work done and the religious appeal made in an intolerant, vindictive spirit toward those who hold divergent views touching evolution, or Biblical criticism, or social ethics, then we are not indifferent. These things are not secondary—they are primary.

How far it is in moral distance from the spirit of the four Gospels to the spirit of one of those worked-up campaigns! How far it is from the spirit of Him who went about doing good, envying oftentimes the foxes their holes and the birds of the air their nests in the consciousness that he had nowhere to lay His head—how far it is from that to the public exploitation of costly gifts from the altars of religion or the screwing up of what has been humorously called "a free-will offering"!

We were enjoined at the beginning not to allow ourselves to be stampeded by the showy appearance of success, but to look closely at the spirit and disposition which attended the effort. "Many will say to Me in that day"—not one here and one there, but many—"Many will say to Me in that day, 'Have we not prophesied in Thy name and in Thy name cast out devils, and in Thy name done many wonderful works?' and then I will say unto them (because of the lack of a certain spirit and disposition), 'I never knew you.'"

But it gets results. Yes, it gets results—all sorts of results, and some of those results make us pause. It is easy to tabulate the results which are instant and visible. It is not so easy to tabulate the deeper results which last. Here are a few questions to be answered by the intelligence and conscience of the community as it studies the effect of that sort of effort upon the life of a generation! Has the spiritual taste of the community been lowered and coarsened? Has the great work of religion been vulgarized in the minds of many? Has the quiet presentation of the truth after the method of the Master been discredited? Have thoughtful, discriminating men and women been pushed just a bit farther away from organized religion? Have boys and girls been confused in their moral judgments and in their conception of the Bible in such a way as to work havoc to their faith when the inevitable day of awakening comes? Have impressionable people been rushed through experiences which were supposed to represent repentance and faith, regeneration and consecration, only to find later that they have been roughly mishandled? Here are results to be added in when we cast up the debits and credits of such a campaign.

The Longer View.

The Master taught us to take the long view. In His eyes the religious worker was not a hustler, but a sower of seed. He deals with processes which are vital. He casts his seed into good soil. He waits patiently for the early and the latter rain from Heaven. He allows the seed to grow, first the blade, and then the ear, and finally the full ripe corn. In like manner we find that in commerce and in the work of education, in science and in civic betterment, the men of vision and achievement take uniformly the long view rather than the swift, short, smart glance. Why not also in that which is higher than them all, the work of religion?

During the last twenty-five years two lines of effort have gained tremendously upon the popular interest, the

work of higher education and the work of medical science. Measure them by the amount of money men will give, or by the number of aspiring young men who can be enlisted in their service, or by the readiness of people to accept their guidance, and you will see that they have forged ahead. During that same period the church has not made any such relative gain. There are those who feel that it has really suffered a loss. And I need not remind you that the universities and the physicians have all but uniformly taken the long view. They have stood for thoroughness and against quackery of all sorts. We as churchmen have sometimes been led by our desire for immediate results, or by our tender concern lest we should forbid anyone who can cast out a devil, to follow the most gigantic and preposterous forms of religious quackery. In the long run we can do nothing against the truth, nor against the spirit, nor against the method of Jesus Christ. And I believe we shall do well to go back and sit down again at the feet of Him who said, "I am the Truth. And ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free."

We have no reason as Congregationalists to blush for our own record in this matter of evangelism. The Great Awakening in the Eighteenth Century came by the mighty evangelistic preaching of Jonathan Edwards. The great revivals of the Fifties, which furnished so much of the moral passion for freeing the slaves and preserving the Union, came largely from the work of Charles G. Finney. The greatest evangelist of the Nineteenth Century was Dwight L. Moody, a rugged, Congregational layman. In that mighty work of enlisting the young in religious service through "Christian nurture," the pioneer was Horace Bushnell. In the better methods of religious education now being pursued, we are reaping the harvest for which he furnished the seed wheat.

And we are still true to these great traditions. We believe with all our souls in personal and pastoral evangelism. The Commission on Evangelism appointed two years ago spent two whole days in New York City in conference with the Executive Committee of this National Council considering ways and means. They sent out letters to all our pastors. They arranged for seventy conferences in various parts of the country to plan for a more effective use of those weeks which come before Easter in the open enlistment of men and women in the service of Jesus Christ. And one of the results flowing from this effort may perhaps be seen in the fact that the number of members added to our Congregational churches that year on profession of faith showed an increase of six thousand over that of the year before. This was not a Day of Pentecost in every Congregational church, but it was a long and a sure step in the right direction. "Follow Me," the Master said, "and I will make you fishers of men."

The Training of Leaders.

In the life of the church the question of competent leadership is of primary importance. You might almost say that in the last analysis the problem of the average church lies in the securing of the right sort of leader. Can the minister stand up on his two feet and preach? Can he preach in such a way that people will come to hear him? Can he enrich and strengthen the inner lives of Christians and win to Christ those who stand without? Can he organize and direct the Christian impulse thus developed in such forms of action as to make his church a power for good in the community life? Can he render in his personal contacts that subtle ministry to the souls of men which will bind them to him and to the cause he repsents? If the man who, above all othes is responsible for the institution entitled "the church," becomes that type of man, then the interests of Christ's Kingdom in that community will advance. The recruiting and training of competent leaders is, therefore, of great moment.

Some of us who are here as members of this Council are engaged in the task of theological education. We are conscious of our limitations. If we should chance to forget them for an hour some critic, friendly, or otherwise, would be sure to recall us to a sense of our shortcomings.

We are trying to do our work as best we may, but we constantly crave the closer fellowship and the more effective co-operation of you who are pastors and parents. We call upon you here and now to send us from your altars and your firesides the best you breed, to be trained for the service of God in the Christian ministry. We have in our Divinity Schools an encouraging amount of splendid material in the student body, but we have not enough of that sort of material to show you what we can really do. We can, upon occasion, when we are hard put, make silk purses out of sows' ears. It is one of the glories of our Christian religion that it does make silk purses out of sows' ears. But if you would only send us, year by year, a larger supply of the sort of material we crave, young men of sound health and common sense, men of warm sympathies and with vigorous minds, men of genuine integrity and with spiritual enthusiasm, we would send you back such a supply of silk purses as would cause your hearts to rejoice.

We ought to have the firstlings of the flock. The very title of the pastor's calling is an honor that never fades. In the common speech of men his vocation is "The Ministry." The spirit of service is caught and held by great-souled men in every legitimate calling, but ours remains pre-eminently The Ministry. It is an honor to have one's vocation thus singled out for this high distinction.

And the need at this point is in itself a clarion call for young men of the highest type to enter the ministry. High rewards are being won by men at the bar and in medicine, in the work of education and by the engineer, in business and in all the trades. And into these callings strong men are going in such numbers that no cry of need comes back. Did you ever hear of a Bar Association taking steps to increase the number of lawyers? When you ride through the streets and see the doctors' signs, have you any fear that there will not be enough of them to take care of the sick? But from every branch of the church, and from every state in the Union there comes a cry for more young men of the right sort to be trained for that efficient spiritual leadership which the world so sorely needs.

The Present Opportunity of the Ministry.

The opportunities were never so great. There is liberty of thought—in some branch of the Christian church every man who has a message may find a chance to deliver it untrammeled. The people are waiting eagerly to have this literature of the Bible interpreted to them aright and made a power in their lives as it was a power in the life of generations now gone. There is a steady call for men who have some genuine knowledge of industrial conditions and who are able to indicate the way of advance in putting the Sermon on the Mount into practice. There is a constant demand for men who can uncover the deeper sources of motive and of stimulus, making righteousness

seem everlastingly worth while. There is great need of men who know something of child life and the psychology of religious experience, who know how spiritual reactions can be secured and how they can be utilized in character-building. What more do you want for the investment of the highest, finest, fullest measure of ability that God ever gives to an individual soul?

And I am confident that the training given to young men for this service in all our Divinity Schools has become less technical and more vital. We are gradually recovering from that almost idolatrous reverence for a certain type of German scholarship which has been an incubus upon our church life. We have had foisted upon us in the past a mass of destructive Biblical criticism and of strained religious interpretation, stamped with this hall-mark—"Made in Germany." The phrase was well-chosen. The cold, technical erudition did not grow among the hills of Galilee or in those modern lands which have shown the largest measure and the finest quality of spiritual devotion. It was indeed "made in Germany."

The specialist may dig away in his own narrow groove, not to say grave. He may patiently gather a mass of real and of alleged facts. But if he fails to see his facts in their wider, human relations, if he fails to interpret his facts in their bearing on human well-being, then he is not the man to be set for the training of young men who are to be prophets. He is possessed of information that filleth up rather than of knowledge which buildeth up. For several decades Germany has had a group of philosophers preaching the gospel of force, the will to power, and openly deriding the Christian ethics. She has also had groups of theological professors busily telling the world that the statements of the New Testament were mainly false. And one of the results of that course of action can be seen at this hour in the lowered spiritual tone of an Empire.

The Main Office of Education.

The great main office of education is to make men alive. Alive at some points, alive on higher levels, alive in more interesting and useful ways! Alive all the way up, and all the way down, and all the way in! Alive in their hearts with noble sentiments and moral enthusiasm as well as in their heads! Alive in their souls with some genuine personal grasp of the eternal verities as well as in their hands! The school that knows its business faces each generation, saying, "I am come that you might have life and have it more abundantly. This know and thou shalt live." The school must show itself the willing and the competent servant of life at its best. This is true of any school, but it has peculiar force when we apply it to those schools which undertake to train men to be preachers and pastors in the church of God.

We crave your help in that hard task. When our Lord was here we read that on one occasion he continued all night in prayer. At daybreak he chose twelve young men to be Apostles. They were to spend three years with him in mental discipline and in spiritual preparation for their work of religious leadership. There were only twelve of them—it was not a large entering class—but one of the group bore the name of Peter and another permanently honored the name of John. They were all empowered to sit upon thrones of usefulness judging the tribes of Israel. When you enter the city of God you will find the names of those twelve Apostles written on the foundation stones.

He continued all night in prayer and then did that. Go thou and do likewise! The selecting and the securing of the right sort of young men to be trained for spiritual leadership cannot safely be left to some stray breeze which may chance to blow where it listeth at Northfield or at Lake Geneva. It cannot be left to the unaided, unguided impulses of the boys themselves who see as yet through a glass darkly. It can be accomplished only by the serious, tender concern and the high resolve of parents and pastors intent upon facing the best material they have toward that calling which is pre-eminently "The Ministry."

The Social Emphasis in Religion.

The social emphasis in religion grows firmer year by year and more intelligent. There are two great commandments—on these hang all that the prophets have been able to say touching the interests of character. The first has to do mainly with the development of a perpendicular piety. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and mind and strength." The second is like unto it—it has to do with the expression of that piety in those horizontal relations which make up our social life. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The generation to which we belong has taken this second command seriously and has endeavored to give expression to its broader implications.

The word "social" is being overworked perhaps—it had to be overworked at first to break up the fallow ground of a long-lying contented individualism. And the phrase is often used lightly and unadvisedly. But social service does not mean merely an extra hod of coal for the poor widow to help her through the winter, or another order of groceries for the family whose prayer for daily bread has not been answered by the existing industrial arrangements. The huge task of Christianizing our social order means the introduction of a more democratic spirit into the control of all those great industries. They exist primarily not to make money, nor to make things, but to make manhood and womanhood for all those whose lives are bound up with the enterprise. If they fail here they fail utterly. The chief end of man, according to the Catechism and according to our own conscience, is not to make money, but to glorify God and become fit to enjoy Him forever. And only under the rule of that more democratic spirit can these huge industries conserve and develop the human values at stake.

The idea of social Christianity means a more equitable distribution of the good things of life between the five talented men of organizing and administrative ability and the one talented rank and file who toil mainly with their hands. Here is the injunction as it comes to us from the New Testament! "Masters, give unto your servants"—not the least that they can be induced to take under the pressure of their necessities, not the current wage as fixed perhaps by vast combinations of capital which have the working people at their mercy. "Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal." That is Christian—the other is not. Under the rule of that spirit some people would not become so rich, and a great many people would not remain so poor either in purse or in heart. It is the business of the church to insist that there is a will of God in all these economic relations of ours to be ascer-

tained and to be realized before we can stand right with Him.

Have we learned all this? Are we learning it now in our places of worship? It is all there in the New Testament in letters that burn. Has it all passed into our consciousness so completely as to find expression in our ordinary speech? When the question is asked, "How much is that man worth?" does the mind think instantly in terms of personality so that the real worth of the man may be appraised? Or does the mind in obedience to an un-Christian convention make reply in dollars and cents, indicating the price of the things the man owns? The man may be worth a great deal in addition to all the things that he possesses, or he may be with all his costly array of things as cheap as the chaff which the wind driveth away. The worth of a man depends upon his qualities of mind and heart, upon the amount of good he has done and the character he has won in the process. And until we have Christianized our thought and our speech, our estimates and our aspirations, our rules of action and our lines of advance, we are still heathen.

How Much Do We Care?

How much does our section of the Christian world care about such a condition of affairs as competent investigation has brought to light in the mines of Colorado? It was a situation which, like the blood of Abel, cried to Heaven not for vengeance, but for radical correction. How much do we care about such a situation as was brought to light in the terrible strike in Lawrence, Massachusetts, a few years ago? The inarticulate cry of those toilers in the mills, where pay was kept down that profits might be kept up, caused this nation to stop and look and listen! How much do we care that in most industrial communities in this broad land of opportunity the church of Christ is looked upon by the toilers when they struggle to better their condition, not as an asset, but as a liability making more difficult the pathway of their advance? Is all this nothing to some of you who pass by on your way to the morning service? You will remember that it was the great Head of the church who said, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden. Take my yoke upon you," and then, not in idleness but in a higher, finer form of action, "ye shall find rest unto your souls."

Human life began, we are told, in a garden. The conditions were simple, primitive, pastoral. Men and women could live on what they plucked from the trees. But the goal of their ambition was life in a city with walls great and high. Into that more highly developed life the nations of the earth would bring their glory and their honor.

But that intricate life of the city can only become a proper object of desire when it has in it the glory of God as its directing principle. It can only become acceptable to the hearts of men when a pure river of the water of life flows through every street of it. It can only sustain those human values at their best when the trees of life grow where the busy traffic goes on, yielding their fruit every month, and with leaves on them for the healing of every human hurt. The Christian city is to be God's masterpiece. The ultimate victory of these redemptive processes now at work and of a truly socialized religion, is to be realized in a life rich, full, glad, where the tears shall be wiped from all eyes, and in every father's house there shall be bread enough and to spare.

The Outlook for the Future.

But watchman, what of the night? Is the night far spent? Is it true that the morning cometh? We were told at the start that the Kingdom of God on earth would not come with ease. "There shall we wars and rumors of wars. Nation shall rise against nation and kingdom against kingdom. There shall be earthquakes and famine and pestilence. Ye shall see the abomination of desolation standing where it ought not."

"Be not troubled—the end is not yet. Be strong and of good courage. The Lord thy God, He it is who goeth with thee. He will not fail thee nor forsake thee." In days like these our grit and our hope must spring from a deep-rooted faith. The whole venture and process of earthly life lies imbedded in a moral order. It lies secure in the will and purpose of God. He will overturn and overturn until that mode of life whose right it is to reign shall be enthroned.

It is a fearful thing for men to fall into the hands of the living God when their purposes are wrong, The vital forces of Europe are engaged at this hour in a death struggle with a scheme of life which is both heartless and godless. You may name it by various names, but it all comes to this—it is the habit of mind which stands ready to sacrifice the individual, body, brain, and soul to the upbuilding of a mechanism. That whole method in the eyes of the Christian world is as openly immoral as murder or adultery. There is at work in modern society, a subtle, treacherous, unscrupulous spirit which puts darkness for light ,bitter for sweet, and evil for good. We cannot come to any kind of terms with that spirit. It must be grappled by strong men, who have put on the whole armor of God and relentlessly cast out.

In the light of my own Christian faith I have no fear as to the final outcome. "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice." The march of progress, which in the last analysis is the movement of democracy, informed and inspired by moral purpose and the spirit of the living God,—the march of progress was too much for Philipp II. of Spain. It was too much for Napoleon of Corsica. And, please God, it will be too much for that arrogant policy of frightfulness which is now staining the fields of Europe with human blood.

Our own immortal Lincoln, standing yonder on Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg in the presence of the quick and the dead, charged the men of that generation to see to it that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people should not perish from the earth." They saw to it and their work has stood the test of another half-century. The men of this generation are charged from on high with a like duty. The spirit of liberty and of aspiration for the highest is again sailing the high seas; it hears in the troubled air the fierce songs of hate; it withstands on the field of battle the onslaught of military force. And that spirit will march on until all its glad domains shall be merged into that kingdom which is an everlasting kingdom.

Give your best to those who need, and you impoverish not self; but rather have you enhanced your vital worth, and thus in truth have treasure-trove.

AMONG THE YAO IN SIAM.

C. R. Callender.

I have just returned from a tour among these interesting people inhabiting the hills North of Prae.

Five days' travel brought us to Muang Ngim where are seven families of Christians. Several days were spent here, including Sabbath and a day of climbing brought us to a vilage deserted except for a mother and daughter cast off on account of their opium habits. Less than a half day's march then brought us to the village of one of the three clan chiefs called "P' Yas." Here we stopped one day and then proceeded to the next village where lives the most influential of the three "P' Yas." Here we spent Sunday and Monday. Tuesday we left these simple-minded people and came down the mountain to Muang Ngim after an absence from that place of nine days.

The Yao chiefs received us with great respect and marked attention. On Monday morning, the day before we left, we noticed a fine, large bullock tied near the house of the Chief. On remarking on the size and beauty of the animal, we were told that the Chief and a Haw who lives there were going to butcher it. A goodly portion of the best of the meat was given to us which lasted several days. The people of the next village as we came homeward told us that the Chief bought it from a distant village and butchered it in our honor. The fact that the Yao there are not used to killing beeves and my cook was called upon to do it would seem to indicate the truth of the report.

The Yao say they came from the region of the Tai Dum in Kwangsi and Kwangtung provinces, China, some 12 years ago to get room in which to expand. They say they are neither Tai nor Chinese, but simply YAO. In their former home in China they farmed valley land as well as hills. Perhaps coming from a colder climate accounts for their living exclusively on the hills here.

In common with other mountain peoples the Yao plant without ploughing the soil. A patch of jungle is cut down and burned off when dry, and grain is planted in holes. They plant on the same patch for two or three years till weeds and grass compel them to clear a new patch of ground. In the course of a few years when bushes and trees have gained the ascendency over the weeds the old patch may be cleared again and the process renewed. Both rice and corn of good quality are raised, and they usually have an abundance. This year, however, rats destroyed considerable standing rice and corn and is the first in 12 years when shortage of crops has been experienced. Their chief meat is pork raised in abundance. Chickens and goats are also raised. Ponies are their beasts of burden. Their dogs are famous watch dogs, similar to the "Haw" dogs.

The Yao people are remarkable in at least two respects: for the good order in their villages and for their industrious habits. Persistent thieving is punished with death, and there is virtually no thieving. At one of the villages rice hullers are run by water power, the rice being left in the machines day and night, but it is not molested.

These people boast of having no prostitutes and no venereal diseases. Divorce is a negligible quantity. Men buy their wives, paying to the parents a sum of money ranging from 40 to 300 ticals, the price being determined by the beauty and capability of the bride. Plurality of wives is not forbidden, but few can afford to pay for more than one. We were in one home where the man had two wives, having paid 100 ticals for the first and 150 for the second. In case a man proves untrue to his wife (or wives), the money paid for the wife reverts to her; in case the wife proves untrue to her husband, the purchase money is returned to him.

Their houses are long shed-like structures with wild palm leaf roofing. Most of the houses have no board floor, but the Chief's is an exception, being raised from the ground. Most of them contain more than one fireplace, each fireplace representing one family. The long house next to the Chief's in which his children and grand children live has 12 fireplaces and 86 occupants. The Yao are like bees both in numbers and in diligence.

The women are wonder workers. To them falls the bulk of the work clearing the land, getting the firewood, feeding the pigs and chickens, pounding the rice. Early in the morning, before breakfast, they may be seen going into the jungle with knives, the boys accompanying them. After a while they return with tremendous loads on their backs, some of wild banana stalks for the hogs, others of fire-wood.

Besides all this, the women dye cloth from which they make clothes for themselves and for the men. Part of this is beautifully embroidered for trousers for the women. They do not make to sell, but to wear, and the embroidered trousers are worn every day as is also their jewelry, buttons for mens' and boys' jackets, brooches for women' and girls' waists, bracelets, earrings and necklaces, all made from silver obtained in these hills.

The men make the jewelry, assist in clearing ground to the extent of choping down the largest trees; they assist in the planting, attend to business that requires travel and assist in caring for the children. They handle guns made by themselves but the women are industrious beyond anything I have seen. While working they carry about with them babies straped to their backs much like a papoose, but they have no frame and the child faces toward the mother, not away from her as in the case of a papoose. The women take their embroidery with them and work at odd moments and pound their rice by torch light.

All married persons are at death cremated, others are buried. At the grave, guns are discharged which has the significance of escorting the departed. This was done in one instance during our stay. In religion the Yao combine Nature, Ancestral and Demon worship. They worship the "spirits of heaven" which are supposed to control the elements of nature. We learned of ten periods of worship called "kam" thus: New Year, which covers thirty days, though only three days are carefully observed. Tiger period, lasting two days, and Wind, Bird, Rat, Snake, Fire, Thunder and Lighting, Water, and "Quan" periods each one day. On these days no one is supposed to go out from his village or to come in. Curiously enough, we arrived at the village of one of the officials when Wind Day was being observed. The official explained that it was all right for a "person of note" to come in on that day.

The reason for the observance of these days is obvious. It is supposed to protect from the ravages of the tiger, the freaks of wind and lighting, the nuisance of birds and

rats, the poison of venemous snakes, and from the devastations of fire and flood.

Besides these days, another day reminds one of the Year of Jubilee of the Old Testament. On this day all criminals are released (if there are any) for that day only, and if they can obtain means to pay the stipulated fines they go free. We were told that even the evil spirits were released on that day for a sort of holiday.

The demons which they constantly placate are called "Pi Pa" (jungle demons), supposed to have headquarters in specified places; on a large rock rising perpendicular to a height equal to peaks in the Rockies; on two mountains whose peaks resemble an elephant and cow respectively, etc. These demons may trouble persons when in the jungle preparing the ground for planting, and are believed to have the power to afflict with disease or other calamity in the homes of the people. To appease the wrath of these demons pigs and chickens are sacrificed. We found it almost impossible to get eggs or chickens so many had been killed for these malevolent spirits.

The Yao are so afflicted with these demons that they are anxious to embrace something that will liberate them from demon slavery. They hailed Christianity with eager expectation and said that if the Chief accepts all will follow. The Chief made no objection to accepting Christianity till the question of tearing down the shrines in their houses came up. He said the spirits of their fathers and mothers live in these and that when they left their home in China they promised solemnly to revere them in their new homes in this land; that if they should remove these shrines they would be breaking their promise and do violence to parental obligations. Moreover, their ancestors supposed to be living in these household shrines are used to indicate and locate the demons that afflict the people. A person sits down before the shrine, does some enchantment, designates a demon or place, then throws over his head two sticks brought for that purpose. If the sticks fall right side up three times in succession the correct place has been indicated and sacrifices are made accordingly. One out of every brood of chickens and every litter of pigs must be sacrificed before they are allowed either to eat or to sell them.

The Chief, after listening to our interpretation of their obligation to their parents, and our idea of the Supreme Being to whom all owe first duty, and about Jesus Christ who loves more than it is possible for parents to love and who is in position to help more than parents and friends, dead or living, said he would have to consult with his people first; that if they concluded to accept Christianity he would build a house for the missionary to live in when he comes to teach them. (This man is said to have 100,000 ticals laid by.)

The relationship of the people to their Chief is one of filial obedience. It reminds one of the Patriarchal days of the Old Testament. The people seem to be happy, but one thing troubles and harrasses them beyond the power of human speech to describe, the hold demonolatry has upon them. Nothing but the power of Christ can free them. An intelligent, saving knowledge of Him will be their crowning happiness. The missionary is God's ordained servant set apart for this purpose.

Thou wilt always rejoice in the evening, if thou hast spent the day profitably.—Thomas A. Kempis.

SOME FRAGMENTS.

From a Fragentarian.

He is a member of a certain curious cult; otherwise seems a sensible fellow. (We all have our streaks.)

The other morning I happened into his office. On his desk lay an accummulation of crumpled handerkerchiefs, his eyes were inflamed, his voice was hoarse, he was sniffing and sneezing and blowing; he had all the characteristic symptoms of influenza. In most men it would have been the influenza.

Forgetting his curious 'streak' I commiserated him upon his bad cold.

"You are mistaken," he replied with hauteur; "I have no cold."

My query was, and is: "What under the sun are you making such a fuss about?" But he answered me not."

I am puzzled. Will not some one come to my help? Why so much attention to what is not! Why such constant 'demonstration' against 'nothing'! The way of a man with himself is past finding out.

* * * * * *

It is a dream. But it is worthy of coming true. He thought of it first; then I thought of it; and for aught I know has a third also.

In the concrete it is this. Imagine a city with ten churches of one denomination, and one pastor in each church. Imagine these ten pastors receiving an aggregate of twenty thousand dollars in salaries. That means an everage of $2,000 to each pastor, what might generously be called a living wage, with a chance to put a little by for that rainy day which is sure to come to all of us, if we only live long enough.

Communistically that is a fine imagination, with a comfortable out-working. But alack the day! it does not work.

What does work? This. Half of those men receive less than a thousand a year, (one not more than a third of it,) and that is not a living wage, and that permits of worse than nothing for the rainy day; in fact it is the rainy day already arrived.

But the remaining men, with one exception, do not reach the average; some scarcely approximate it.

And the dream? It is that all salaries should be pooled in a city, and all brethren be equal in purse as they are in labor and consecration and effort.

The Law of the Brotherhood ought to make it impossible that one in a small church, where the trials and vexations and disappointments are most numerous, should have his least share of support, and he in the larger church should "fare sumptuously every day."

Can it be worked out for a city, where conditions are quite uniform? Can it be worked out for villages likewise? adjusted to the cost of living, and not according to the worldly scheme of one community's wealth over against another's poverty?

Here is a problem, brethren, worthy of your meditation. As for me, I have already meditated.

A HINDU GURU'S CONVERSION.

At a mela in the Dinagepur district about the year 1897, Prem Chand, a Hindu guru, bought a Bengali copy of the Gospel of St. John. These Gospels are printed by the ten thousand, and cost about five farthings each.

Amid the thronging thousands of the fair the preacher

takes his stand, begins to sing and tell the story of the Saviour, while those around are asked to buy the book which will give more particulars of the life and words of Jesus.

The great majority of the audience are countrymen, tillers of the soil, who have come to gather news, exchange goods and buy novelties; but among the bystanders are found beggars, holy men, ascetics and Brahmans.

The method of dealing adopted by many of these people is as follows. The guru says to the colporteur, "Throw the book on the ground"; and when this is done the colporteur holds out his cloth to catch the farthing as it is thrown to him, and so the guru avoids the dreaded defillement by contact with a Christian.

Prem Chand went home to Birbaldangi and read his purchase. The result was that he called for others to come and share in his discovery. They, like himself, were charmed with the strange new story; and the village was called together to hear the book read. For fifteen years the villagers were assembled to hear the Gospel read and explained each Sunday and Thursday, and a group of them gave their adhesion to the truth. When Prem Chand died he handed the Gospel, now worn and tattered, to his disciple, Nawa Singh, that he might succeed him in teaching the little band. Nawa Singh, an elderly white-haired man, felt unequal to the task and resolved to seek for help. No Christian of any degree had ever come to them, so he set off to the mela in order to find someone to help them.

After many inquiries and visiting many melas, he met Rev. T. Watson, of Purneah, and desired of him Christian baptism. He led the missionary to that part of the mela where his companions were, and they all gladly listened while he taught them of the Saviour.

A pressing invitation to visit their village was accepted, and, accompanied by a native preacher, he spent three days with them, baptizing nine men before he left. Later on, Mr. Watson revisited the village and spent five days and nights instructing inquirers from far and near, and he baptized five more on that occasion. In 1913 a third visit was paid, and whole nights were spent in teaching relays of men from the villages around, and fourteen more were baptized.

The men showed a great knowledge of the Gospel, although they had no knowledge of any other portion of the Holy Scriptures than this single Gospel of St. John. The love of Christ appealed to them and drew them to Him. Said one of them; "This is indeed the way we have lost; austerities and vows have failed to bring us peace."

The women, too, desired help; five offered themselves for baptism, and the doors of twenty other houses were open.

The new converts have passed through a severe testing. All have united to give them trouble and pour ignominy upon them; yet, despite these things, they are very cheery, and their faith in Jesus remains unshaken.

"CHURCHES DON'T DIE DAT WAY."

The following story comes from Old Virginia: A devout colored preacher, whose heart was aglow with missionary zeal, gave notice to his congregation that in the evening an offertory would be taken for missions, and asked for liberal gifts. A selfish, well-to-do man in the congregation said to him before the service: "Yer gwine to kill dis church ef yer goes on sayin' 'give!' No church can stan' it. Yer gwine ter kill it." After the sermon the colored minister said to the people: "Brother Jones told me I was gwine to kill this church if I kep' a askin' yer to give; but, my brethren, churches doesn't die dat way. Ef anybody knows of a church that died 'cause it's been givin' too much to de Lord, I'll be very much obliged ef my brother will tell me whar dat church is, for I'se gwine to visit it, and I'll climb on de walls of dat church, under de light of de moon, and cry, 'Blesesd am de dead dat die in de Lord."

Among the Churches.

Petaluma.—Rev. E. C. Oakley preached last Sunday.

Mill Valley.—The pulpit was filled by Rev. G. H. DeKay Oct. 17.

San Francisco, First.—Rev. G. E. Atkinson preaches in Dr. Aked's pulpit next Sunday morning and Rev. Albert Palmer in the evening.

Oakland.—Pilgrim Church has just completed an every member canvass with the gratifying result that the subscriptions have been increased by fifty per cent.

Berkeley, North.—Last Sunday was "Go-to-Sunday-School Day." There were 233 present. The Christian Endeavor Society is in flourishing condition. The average attendance is sixty.

Oakland, Calvary.—The men's club conducted last Friday evening an open forum, discussing "both sides" of the eleven questions for the state election. Music was furnished by men's quarteite and refreshments were served.

Oakland, Pilgrim.—The Vested Choir gave a concert of old home songs last Friday evening in the church. There was a large and appreciative audience, and the sum of fifty dollars was added to the treasury of the church as a result.

Oakland.—The Japanese Congregational Church recently received eleven new members, all by baptism. Its pastor, Rev. Nukaga, was assistant to Rev. Dr. Ebina at Tokyo, Japan, before accepting the call of this church. He is earnest and winsome both as preacher and pastor.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Rev. Bryant C. Preston of Petaluma has received a call to become pastor of the church at Palo Alto.

Rev. R. Walker has accepted a call provisionally to the pastorate of the Bethany Church, San Francisco.

Dr. Buckham read a very fine paper at the Ministers' Club last Monday on "Experiencial Theology."

Dr. C. F. Aked preached in Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York, last Sunday morning and for Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis in the evening.

Rev. Geo. E. Atkinson of Campbell, Cal., will entertain the Ministers' Monday Club with a story sermon entitled, "A Survivor of the Bethlehem Massacre."

HOW OLD IS MAMMOTH CAVE?

Doubtless every one in this country who can read knows something of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. On the other hand, there may be quite a number who know very little about how this and other similar caves were formed, how old the Mammoth Cave probably is, what service it performed for the youthful Government of the United States during the war of 1812—these and various other interesting features connected with this greatest of all known caverns of the world are brought out in an article in the September number of the Bulletin of the Pan-American Union, Washington, D. C.

"From time immemorial," to quote from the Bulletin's article, "caves have been objects of interest to mankind. Around them have clustered legend and superstition, in them men have found habitations of the living, refuges for the pursued, secret temples for the practice of their religious rites, and mausoleums for their dead. In ancient days they were the abodes of sybils and nymphs of Roman mythology; in Greece they became the temples for the worship of Zeus, Pan, Dionysius and Pluto, as well as the homes of the oracles of Delphi,Corinth and Mount Cithéron; in Persia they were connected with the worship of Mithras, and in more modern times popular fancy in Europe peopled the mystery enshrouded caves with elves, fairies and evil spirits galore."

But after all, caves are but the results of perfectly natural forces working beneath the surface of the earth just as they do upon its face, and for the sake of convenience may be divided into three classes: (1) Those formed by the action of currents, the force of waves and the grinding of shingle against a cliff on a rocky seacoast, which forces gradually hollow out caves in the weaker places, of which those found near Bar Harbor, Me., may serve as examples; (2) those found in volcanic regions, formed by the subterranean flow of lava, or by the expansion of steam and gases, such as those in the Klamath Lake region in Oregon, which are so large that they often served as effectual hiding places for the Indians in the early days of the conquest of the West; and (3) those which have been cut out of calcareous rocks by the chemical action of carbonic acid in rain water, combined with the mechanical friction of the sand and stones set in forcible motion by the streams of water which have flowed through them for ages. These last are the most numerous and most important in size, and it is to this class that Mammoth Cave belongs.

As most people know, the cave is in Edmonson county, Kentucky, about eighty-five miles southwest of Louisville, and not far from Green River, into which the cave's subterranean waters empty. This section of Kentucky, where may be found limestone beds frequently reaching a thickness of 500 feet, is noted for its rocky grottoes, sink holes and caverns. The rocks in the vicinity of Mammoth Cave give evidence of but little disturbance by the dynamic forces of past ages.

From a geological viewpoint Mammoth Cave is of comparatively recent origin, its formation having begun something less than 1,000,000 years ago in the Pliocene age. The cave action began after Green River had cut its channel down into the limestone stratum which underlies this section. The rain water, with its carbonic acid content, seeped through the overlying earth and passing into and through the crevices and joints of the stone, at that time above the level of the river, began the work of solution and erosion.

These underground waters gathered along the planes of least resistance, and as the crevices grew in size more and more of the surface water was drained into them, and as Green River cut its bed deeper into the limestone underlay the cave waters kept pace with the process until what had once been mere subterranean rills grew into that remarkable underground stream known as Echo River, which now flows through the lowest levels of the cave and empties into Green River.

During the ages it has been at work it has left behind it the twisted, tortuous passageways and large galleries and chambers which form this mightiest of all known caverns. The cave first came into prominence during the war of 1812, when the United States Government needed nitrate to make powder. Some of the large entrance chambers of the cave had formed the winter habitations of myriads of bats for many ages, and as a consequence the soil had become converted into guano beds with a large nitrate content. As a result the cave became a nitrate mine, whence much of the powder supply for the young nation was obtained.

The Home.

SOME STOPS TO MAKE.

Stop thinking of the body; keep it clean, and comfortably and becomingly clothed, and then forget the thing in the idea which you should endeavor to express through it—man made in the image of God. Your body should be no more to you than your house, through which you should endeavor to express the idea—home.

Stop finding fault with the weather and speaking of every change of the atmosphere, as if sickness were contained therein. Refuse to take cold. Some people speak of certain days and atmospheres as "good for pneumonia."

Stop describing your sensations. Stop saying you feel tired, feel weak, feel hot, feel cold, feel anything. Cultivate thought, not sensation.

Forget self in making others happy.

Banish fear by ceasing to think or talk about it. Stop saying "I am afraid" of anything.

Fear, distrust and doubt are depressing sensations. Cultivate hope, faith and trust. They are the topics of the mind.

Realize that there is but one Life in the universe, and that man cannot be separted from that Life.

Be not anxious if the day pass by in which you fail to eat breakfast, dinner or supper; but do not allow a day to pass without adding some thought to your mental store which you will be glad to incorporate into your morality.

Never say you are in poor health. There is no qualification to health. You might as well speak of poor harmony.

Establish an equilibrium of mind, and the bodily functions will take care of themselves.—Ex.

THE ART OF EATING.

As in choice of quality and quantity of food, so for the when and how of taking that food into his digestive laboratories, each normal adult must choose for himself; and the test is always the result in fullness of life. We are bound by habit, however, and often limited by lack of

information, and it may be necessary to overcome these hindrances before one can apply this test.

Primitive man was irregular in the time of his feeding —irregular perforce, becaue his supply of food was obtained fitfully and scantily. Moreover, to get his share, each ate as greedily as possible, without fear of rebellion on the part of previously overworked digestive machinery.

The stomach serves chiefly as a reservoir from which the food is doled out slowly to the organs beyond, which carry on most of its preparation for use by the body. In our distant ancestors, with their alternate periods of feast or of famine, it was even more capacious and useful than with us. Without it we would have to eat at frequent intervals. In its absence our ancestors would have perished. We little realize to-day the wealth of our food supply for all save the very poor, and in the midst of this superabundance we are tempted not only to put a goodly supply of it into our food-pouch, but at such frequent intervals that this receptacle may not have opportunity to become empty.

The number of meals to be taken has become fixed by custom, and differently among different peoples. Custom is founded on racial experience, which is usually better than book knowledge, and most people are best off if conforming to the number and time of meals as so arranged. There may be exceptions, however, and some persons undoubtedly do better on a few large meals and others on many small meals a day. The effect of either habit can easily be tested. It is evident that if one is not genuinely hungry at meal-time he has either taken too much food at the previous meal, or at any rate is not in need of eating for a time. So binding is custom, however, that most of us fear that we would suffer permanently if we missed a single repast, though if we were so daring as to try it we might be the better for the rest we would have given our overworked organs. Much of the eructation of which Don Quixote urged Sancho Panza to beware upon coming into his governorship would be prevented by following the knight's admonition to "eat little (comparatively) for dinner and less for supper; for the health of the whole body is tempered in the laboratory of the stomach."

Much has been read and written on the manner of eating. As Horace Fletcher notes, the lane through which the food must travel on its way of preparation for the body is about thirty feet long, but we have voluntary control over only three inches of that pathway. By sensible use of that three inches we may avoid an attack of appendicitis twenty-five feet beyond, and much more frequent distress in the middle-distance.

It is almost self-evident that we should chew our food a reasonable time; first, that it may be so divided that there will be little grinding required farther down, where there are only soft tissues to handle the food; and second, because we should add to the food a goodly amount of saliva. Sight, taste, odor, and the touch of the food in the mouth stimulate to the full outpouring of this precious fluid, and also start the chemical activities of the stomach. The time to be given to eating, the number of chews for each mouthful, will have to be determined for one's self, again by results. There is a happy medium between two little and too much attention to mastication and insalivation. We may thoroughly enjoy our food and make the most of it, without being either maudlin or time-wasting over it.

It is common knowledge that worry, fear, anxiety, and other depressing emotions check and derange the outpouring of chemicals of the digestive tract. Under old English law an accused person had a slice of consecrated bread and cheese administered from the altar with a curse that, if the accused were guilty, the angel Gabriel would come and stop his throat so that he would be unable to swallow the morsel. In India to-day a similar trial by rice is sometimes used even by the English as a means of detecting a thief. The test is much more accurate than that of many other means of legal procedure. The derangement of digestive activities through emotional disturbance unfortunately takes place without threat or fear of punishment, or even without our having committed any offense. The conduct of others may have as much influence upon us as that of our own. There may be brain friction going on of which we are not aware and yet the effect in digestive disturbance tells the tale of subconscious irritation. Nerve wear and tear from defective eyes or other abnormal organs may produce similar disastrous results upon digestion. No amount of time spent over meals will compensate this round-about interference with the functions of food preparation. Carelessness in eating, however, will make matters worse and increase both the distress of body and depression of soul.

Fatigue interferes with digestion, and it is not well to eat too heartily when one is tired. Severe exercise or bathing just after full meals will upset nature's arrangement for carrying on food preparation, though after this is well on its way it will have no ill effect. Light exercise after meals is a help rather than a hindrance. If the taking into the body and elaboration of food is of importance, the discharge of that portion of the food which is not used is of equal importance, since its accumulation in the body becomes a poisonons burden, the result of which tells upon our general condition of bodily and mental altertness. Consciousiness is informed of the need of taking food, so it is likewise informed of the need of this riddance. The latter is not more to be disregarded than the former, if we would be in high health.

We have but one digestive tube with its elaborate organs, but that machinery was made for work, and should amply suffice were it not abused. The vast majority of our dyspepsias have their source either in neglect of the what, how much, when and how of eating or in influences from some other region of the body having nothing to do directly with either the food or the food-preparing machinery.

Though it is worth while to take thought in the matter of our food and its consumption, it is useless and harmful to take anxious thought in the matter. Such consciousness may defeat its object. Our digestive organs resent coddling even more than they do abuse. It is essential only that we be aware that we are at our best in well being and well doing, and check off from time to time what from knowledge and experience may seem to interfere with that condition.—James Frederick Rogers, M. D., in "The Christian Advocate."

Columbia University is the largest now in the world. It is thought the registration for 1915-16 will reach 18,000. It is 14,573 now. Exclusive of the summer session and the extension teaching department, the resident students number 6,618. In the extension teaching department the registration is 1,996.

For The Children.

DOTTIE AND THE PRINCESS.

"Dottie, will you go to the store for me?"

"Yes, mamma, just as soon as I finish this story. It is all about a princess who had a great deal of money and a kind heart, and went around doing good and helping every one she saw in trouble."

"Dottie," said mamma again, presently, "you didn't bring me those chips, and it is almost time to start dinner."

"I will, mamma, by and by; but how I should love to be a princess like this one, and be able to help make every one round me happy!"

Mamma finished peeling her pan of potatoes and brought the basket of chips herself, while Dottie scarcely looked up from her book.

"Oh, Dottie, please tie 'is 'tring on my wagon; the old one 'bwokened." This from Baby Bertie.

Dottie threw done her book impatiently. "You are a little nuisance!" she exclaimed, as she grabbed the string from brother's hand so hastily that she broke it. "I wish you'd go 'way and let me alone. I never can have a good time all by myself."

Mamma was coming out of the pantry with a jar of preserved pears just in time to hear her little daughter's last words. But there was only a little wonder in her voice as she inquired: "Did the princess in your book try to have a good time all by herself?"

"No—no, mamma, I guess not," said Dottie, very slowly.

"Well," continued mamma, "if you really want to be like her, you can't begin a minute too soon."—Our Little Ones.

THE NICEST LITTLE GIRL.

The postman tramped down New Street blowing his whistle and stopping at every door. He had "A valentine—for the nicest little girl on New Street."

The postman was at the door of the last house on New Street, not a fine stone house, as the others were, but a very humble little house, and the lady who lived in it opened the door herself. She was a little white-faced lady, with kind, brown eyes and a motherly smile. The blue valentine was in her hand before the postman saw his mistake.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said he, "that's not for here—" Then he stopped, for the lady looked so very disappointed.

"Are you sure?" she asked, timidly. "You see, I have a little girl, and she's the nicest little girl, not only just on New Street, but in all the world!"

"Very sorry, ma'am," said the postman, "but that's what they all say. I've asked every mother along New Street if the nicest little girl lived there, and every single one of 'em said yes. Got to be proved, ma'am, got to be proved!" And the little blue valentine was dropped back into the bag.

"Those other little girls," said she, "they had other valentines, didn't they?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the postman, "packs and packs of 'em!"

"My little girl," said the lady, "has not had one single valentine."

The postman's hand stole down among his letters and drew out the blue valentine, but he did not give it to the lady. "I'd like to have advice on this here," he said, "disinterested advice. Here's an old gentleman coming along, ma'am, I'll ask him."

Tap, tap, tap came the sound of a stick along the frosty pavement, and a thin, quavery voice said: "Well, postman, aren't you late enough this morning?"

"Yes sir," said the postman, "but it's a question of this here letter," and he explained the difficulty to the old gentleman.

"Ahem!" said the old gentleman. "So you've been two years on this district, and you don't know yet who's the nicest little girl on New Street?"

"No sir," said the postman.

"Well, well, well!" said the old gentleman, and his voice sounded as if he thought the postman ought to be ashamed of himself. "I see I shall have to tell you a story."

"Well, once upon a time there was a fairy, and he put on his hat, and he put on his coat, and he put on his muffler, and he took his unmbrella, and he started to hobble down New Street on a cold and slippery day—"

"Oh, do execuse me, sir!" interrupted the lady, who was trying hard not to laugh, "but, being a mother, I know a great deal about fairies, and I've never heard that they wear overcoats, nor yet mufflers, nor do they ever have to hobble—"

"Madam," said the old gentleman, "you know nothing whatsoever about this particular fairy. He never went around dressed up in silly spangled wings, and a jeweled wand, letting everybody guess who he was and slip on their best behavior—not he! No; he disguised himself as an old, old gentleman, and he hobbled down New Street on a cold and sleety day. Now, all the little girls and boys on New Street had been making a slide, a slippery slide, down somebody's terrace, and right across the sidewalk to the road, and they were coasting down it on their sleds, all of 'em—that is, but one little girl, who didn't have any sled. Well, along came the old gentleman fairy, and his eyes were rather dim, so he didn't see how very extremely slippery-slidey this slide was and down he went, right on his old lame back!"

"Oh, dear!" cried the lady, "I hope he wasn't hurt!"

"No, madam," went on the old gentleman, "he was not so say permanently injured, but most certainly discombobolated, and those young persons who had made the mischief just stared at the old gentleman fairy, gave a whoop and ran away—all, that is, but one—the little girl who didn't have a sled. She got the whole benefit of the fairy's discombobolation while she was helping him to his feet, in the shape of a good, round, old-fashioned scolding. And an old-fashioned little girl she must have been, for she didn't say one word nor make a naughty face and put out her tongue at the fairy, as one of the little boys did, but she gathered up his umbrella and his newspaper and his spectacles. And when the fairy, who was rather a curious old fellow, did ask her some few questions as to why she didn't have a sled, etc., she explained very nicely about this being a bad year for her father, on account of the rheumatism and the rent. And all the time you know she thought he was just a lame old gentleman and never knew he was a fairy at all—"

"That's true," broke in the lady, who could not keep silent any longer, "for she told me all about it when she came home, and she never said a word about a—"

"Madam," sighed the old gentleman, "you have interrupted me three times. As I was about to say, the old gentleman was a fairy, and that is the end of the story. "Now!" and he stretched out his stick toward the postman, "Postman, who is the nicest little girl on New Street?"

"The one that helped the old gent—I mean the fairy—up, sir," answered the postman, promptly, "and here she is, if I'm not much mistaken!" He pointed up the street to a little figure coming toward them, a little red-cheeked, curly-headed girl for whom the lady stretched out her arms. "Look, my darling, look!" she cried. "The postman has brought you a valentine, and I think it's from a fairy—"

"Yes, Miss," agreed the postman, handing the little girl the blue envelope, "I wouldn't be at all surprised if it was from that here fairy you helped off his back the other day. You better ask—" Then he stopped and stared about him. "Why, where's the old gentleman?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, where is the old gentleman?" cried the lady. "Run after him, oh, do run after him!" And she and the postman and the little girl all ran to the corner of New Street and looked round it, but there was no old gentleman there. They could not see so much as the tail of his coat or hear a tap of his stick. There were no people and no vehicles in the street, only a big blue automobile that was vanishing in the distance.

"But, mother, you haven't looked at my valentine," said the little girl. "See how funny it is! A piece of blue paper and a piece of white paper; and the white piece has got poetry on it, I'm sure!"

The lady took the piece of blue paper in her hand first. "Why, it's a check," she gasped, and her cheeks changed from white to a beautiful pink red.

"What's a check, mother?" asked the little girl, and then, as her mother seemed unable to answer, she pleaded, "Read the poetry, mother, please."

The little girl's mother unfolded the white slip, on which in a crabbed, shaky hand, was written this verse:

"This fairy cure, my child, is sent
For rheumatism and the rent."

The little girl danced up and down with joy and clapped her hands. "Oh, mother, mother! will it really help father's rheumatism and make the landlord let us stay in our house?"

"Yes," said the mother, "it will."

"Then he was a fairy, wasn't he mother?"

"Yes, my dear, he was a good, good fairy."

The postman blew his whistle and hurried on around the corner.

"That's right!" he muttered to himself, that's right!"

—Gertrude Knevels, in The Churchman.

Guard well the citadel
Of noble thoughts and high impulse
That ne'er a cov'tous foe lurking in ambuscade
Steal in upon thee.

Keep well the lofty tower
Of friendship, true and unafraid
That traitors, aye! nor sycophants
Beguile thee in their wiles.

Protect thy loyal guard
Who watchful and alert
Do trust thy aims, obey thy word
In all unquestioning faith.

—Mary G. Gross in Boston Transcript.

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